Volume LXV CHICAGO, MARCH 3, 1910 Number 1

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

"Our Father"

"Our Father who art in heaven"
(And heaven is where thou art);
Grant that in us the blessed leaven
Of Truth may have its part.

"Hallowed" ever "be thy name"
Enshrined within my inmost soul
In holiest sanctuary! Be my aim
To guard, with awe, that sacred scroll!

"Thy kingdom come" (within my heart)
Of love, and purity, and power!
Oh, reign in me and let no part
Play Judas to my Lord! nor lower

The standard of "thy will" in me
But let it all be wrought!
That so I may transformed be
To that within me thou hast sought.

"Give" me "this day" my "daily bread"
To feed my heart, to feed my soul!
Whereby I may, thus inly fed
Be strong, to run toward the goal.

My "trespasses forgive." May I
Be also able to forgive
Those who have brought temptation nigh
And made it hard for me to live.

Deliverance from that which taints
The soul I seek, and well I know
'Tis nigh;—trod not thy saints
With bleeding feet the path we go?

MARY B. W. RANDALL.

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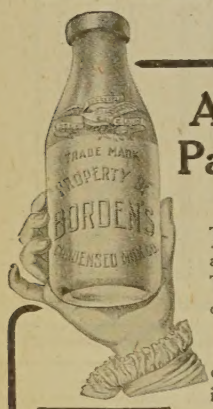

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2. Concerning Seeding: Sowing.
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4. Road Making.
5. At the Horse Fair: Breeding.
6. The Harvest Field: Reaping.

We publish elsewhere in this issue the first sermon, "Concerning Soil: Plowing," and commend it most highly to our readers.

—From Hoard's Dairyman for January 25, 1910.
Published Weekly at Fort Atkinson, Wis.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Volume LXV. THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1910. NUMBER 1.

ANOTHER BIRTHDAY

UNITY has completed its thirty-second year, and with this issue starts out on its thirty-third year. The Senior Editor sends greetings from the midst of the Ozark Mountains in Arkansas, where he is in hiding on his annual March escape. He congratulates UNITY that it is still alive and assures its friends that it has no premonitions of death. The Sustaining Fund, for the search of which UNITY started out on its thirtieth birthday, is neither forgotten nor abandoned. It is growing surely though slowly. It would seem as though all the UNITY readers who are poor and aged and fighting the battle of life desperately have been heard from in terms of love and sacrifice. Perhaps the bulk of UNITY readers are represented in one or the other of these classes. But if it has any readers who are healthy and wealthy, who live in no fear of the poor house, to whom is entrusted more goods than they can or should consume on things chiefly selfish, material and local, we trust that this year's UNITY will hear from them. Meanwhile it will continue to do business at the old stand in the old spirit, and for the old and ever new cause. When the time comes that it cannot live cheerfully and honestly, it will die in the interest of the graces for which it has lived: "For whether we live or whether we die, we are the Lord's."

As a case in point, a simple instance, we print in another column the report read at the annual meeting of the Bissell House in Grand Rapids, Mich., recently, notice of which was made in a previous number of UNITY. The report is by the Head Resident. We print it, not for local interest, which of course is great, but for its general interest. The local color of Grand Rapids is such as could be readily supplied in any city of ten thousand or more in this country. The opportunity is there; it is only a question as to whether there is intelligence and generosity enough to seize upon the opportunity. We hope that Mrs. Wilson's report will make unhappy every reader of UNITY who lives in a city where nothing is being done on these lines. The absence of such activities in such a city is never occasioned by a poverty of needs but by a poverty of heart. It is not the meagerness of the purse but the meanness of life that makes such impossible.

UNITY has always contended that the present "Dry" movement is essentially a layman's movement, a business man's movement at that. It is increasingly so, as the testimonies coming from places that have tried it show; among such, the growing and flourishing city of Rockford, Illinois, a busy manufacturing town of 36,051 inhabitants (in 1906). A flyer setting forth addresses to business men and containing the testimony of business men lies before us. It is of such a nature as to carry conviction to the people who are anxious about business and prosperity if the saloons are voted out. A grocer tells of a man who has been paying up his bad debts since the city went "dry." The man, who owed a big bill, said, "If they only hold this town 'dry' a little longer I will pay every cent." And the grocer says, "Every penny has been paid." The butcher tells of a man who buys a seventy-five cent steak three times a week now; previous to last May he never bought more than ten cents' worth of meat at a time. A clothing man says, "I have been on this corner for a quarter of a century and this is the most prosperous Christmas season I ever had." A dry goods man says, "The first six months is not a fair test, but any number of men who were on my dead beat list are now on the good credit list. My trade has increased right along; it would be a sad day to put saloons back in Rockford." A shoe dealer says, "The last year is the best year during the eighteen we have done business. We believe local option has been instrumental in bringing about this condition." A prominent banker says, "There is a large increase in deposits from people who were in the habit of spending a large amount of their wages in the saloon; a strong increase in our savings department." A furniture merchant says, "Business better than we could anticipate." The coal and lumber people say, "From a coal business standpoint our town is in better condition than when we had saloons. There is no comparison from a moral standpoint. No money can compensate for the sufferings, heart aches, crimes and degradation that come as a sequence to the saloons." From a real estate man, "A great many new homes have been built. Store rentals have increased fifty per cent; no vacant stores. Things never looked so prosperous as right now, and the town has been 'dry' since last May."

Undoubtedly the most strenuous activities, outside the business realm, in our country today, are the women's clubs. Their weekly meetings are well sustained; their programs long and exhaustive; their members alert, well dressed, well fed and radiant. The energies that lag on church lines flame on club lines. The very claim of pre-occupation, overwork, and too many demands, which is often made in extenuation of energies withdrawn from church and other public and civic work is in consequence of energies consecrated to club activities. This state of things is not to be deplored, except when the ob-

jects which engage this vast amount of soul power are small, superficial, or incoherently served. If the women's clubs are to absorb the energies heretofore given to the church and kindred organizations, women should take these high tasks along with them, and work for long things and big things. If they can work for the redemption of the world more effectively by themselves, let them. But nothing less than the redemption of the world should engage their energies. It is a pity to waste the forces that are equal to the building of a cathedral,—that which represents permanent interests, the combined energies of the community and the successive loyalties of generations,—in building pine play-houses, corn-cob castles, for the entertainment of the hour. The Woodlawn Women's Club of Chicago recently had the "cause of Peace" at their Reciprocity Rally. If this was one more "attraction," the address and the interest awakened had little more significance than the pink decorations. But if it was an inspiration, a far-reaching purpose to enlist in this war against war, to carry this campaign into the home, on the stump, into the church, and to the ballot box, it means profound results. The women can stop war any time they set out to do it. We heartily indorse the words of the correspondent here annexed:

I have just been reading in the January 29 issue of the *Literary Digest*, "Germany's Denial of Evil Intent." Isn't the time ripe for a concerted and vigorous demand that the President of the United States make overtures to England and Germany for the formation of a Triple Alliance Against War? If every woman's club in the country should petition the President, would he refuse to act? Is there a woman's club in the country that would refuse to circulate the petitions, to secure the names of all members and the names of millions of men as well? Let the leaders of the woman's club of Chicago start the movement. Let them call upon the leaders in New York, Boston, San Francisco, every large city. Start it with the right people and it will spread like wildfire. The women throughout the world hate war, but our American women are more self-reliant, can do more effective work than any others. Aud our Government is the one to initiate the movement. Let the navies of England, Germany, and the United States be combined into the world police force to stop fighting. How quickly Russia would come in! She's shaking in her boots now for fear of war with Japan. France would join. Japan would see the folly of staying out. The time is ripe. Will you personally interview the leaders of the woman's clubs there? We are small potatoes down here, but we can be counted on for all there is of us, I believe. Please let me hear from you.

The Emerson Concord Memorial

Some of our readers have taken time to note our plea for contributions to this national tribute to America's sanest man, the one sage who stands clearly among the universals. As usual, the recognitions have come from the hurried, the poor, and the aged. Surely there are those among the favored of fortune, those who have dollars and time to spare, who, if they would but stop and think, would surely come into this list. Public interest on these lines matures slowly. Eventually we will publish the names of all contributors without publishing the sums. Now, simply as a provocative to others, we add a few comments that have come with the dollars:

From a Boston minister:

I should have responded before now to your invitation to contribute to the Emerson Statue Fund for Concord. Although nearer the source here, I prefer to have my subscription counted in with UNITY, as I believe it inherits more of the real spirit and meaning of Emerson than any other source with which I am acquainted. It is Emerson's spirit at work. Please find enclosed check.

From an Oak Park Reader:

Mother and I are happy to join in sending our mite each to the Emerson Memorial Fund. Mother will be eighty-seven come next Sunday, and is very well for one so old; brave in spirit in spite of great sorrows.

From a Wage-earning Woman in Redlands, California:

I wish to subscribe to the Emerson Memorial; enclosed is my mite to be sent through the Lincoln Centre. The amount poorly expresses my debt to Emerson, but perhaps the copies of his Essays which I have bought for my own use or to give away are a more practical testimonial.

There is to be an Emerson reunion at the Lincoln Centre in connection with the welcome home to the wandering Editor of UNITY on Monday evening, April 4, at which not only all the survivors of the numerous Emerson classes who for the last thirty years have slaked their thirst with the healing waters of the Emerson fountain, will be welcome, but also the new friends and the out-of-town friends who cannot come in person but who would be glad to be counted in with greetings in the shape of autographed poems, appreciations, quotations or checks.

Reed Stuart

Reed Stuart, as everybody called him, died as he lived, quietly, gently. No man sought obscurity more persistently. He was a shy preacher,—his friends bemoaned the fact and oftentimes blamed his modesty. He had none of the aggressive executive energies which make for popularity; and yet people loved him for what they deemed his defects and mourned him for what he could not do and did not do.

Born, reared and educated in the strictest of sects, the United Presbyterians, a graduate of their one college in the West at Monmouth, Illinois, his ministry at Battle Creek, Michigan, soon bloomed into a free Congregational church, which still survives, shaped by his brain, not by his hand. From thence he was called to the pulpit of the First Unitarian Church of Detroit, which he served for twenty-two years. The friends who knew both called him David Swing's successor. Like the great pulpiteer of the Central Music Hall in Chicago, he was a manuscript preacher. When the unappreciative would criticise either, the worst that they could say of their sermons was that they were "essays." The more intelligent and sensitive would gladly accept the criticism and change the blame to praise,—they were "essays" of the spiritual life, high attempts to interpret the beatitudes, to enforce the claims of righteousness, to interpret the

ways of God to man. He did this with such grace and power that the homily was also a work of art and the weekly sermon became a contribution to literature.

There was a suspicion in some quarters, most clearly held by himself, that Reed Stuart was hardly equal to the demands at Detroit. His audiences were never large, and the denominational statistician had reason to be anxious over the "prosperity" of the Detroit Church. Something of this may have entered into the retirement, which came as a shock to those who could not think of him as old enough to lay down the pulpit burden. Perhaps the subtle wisdom which characterized his teaching or enabled him to understand his own condition and measure the possibilities of his life more wisely than his friends is allied to inspiration. Now that he is gone, the love and praise that he deserved, perhaps longed for, which he received only in stinted measure, spring promptly to the lips and suggest the painful confession of appreciation too long deferred. Why was it withheld so long?

Oh, that he might have known it. Thousands of those who have come under the spell of this man will share with us a joy in the merited and worthy tribute which appeared in the columns of the *Detroit Journal* for February 3, upon the news of his sudden death at the home of his son in Princeton, New Jersey:

> The news strikes a chill to the hearts of literally thousands here in Detroit, where for nearly a quarter of a century, his scholarship, his strong character, and his remarkable personality had been a potent stimulus to and an ally of good citizenship.
>
> * * * *
>
> So much can truthfully and deservedly be said of Dr. Stuart that the peril of seeming exaggeration is very imminent. One can say much of his courageous optimism, his charity, his force and modesty, his manliness and gentleness, his culture and his simplicity. Greatest, perhaps, of all these was his simplicity, because it was the simplicity of the mind and the character which approximates perfection. The essence of simplicity is truth, and in the works of Dr. Reed Stuart truth was symbolized. He was effective always because his simplicity and lack of ostentation were proof of his sincerity.
>
> He rendered remarkable service to the city. In all matters of economic, intellectual, ethical or moral importance his opinion—an opinion that must always be sought before it was expressed—was truth, simple and essential, shorn of all furbelows and posing and ostentation and hypocrisy. He was not the churchman who mingles the dignity of the church in public matters which unbecome it. He believed not in pageantry in his preaching, nor preaching in the public prints. His voice was seldom raised to a strident key in discussion, in contradiction, in denunciation. He was not a reformer who wrangled over the methods of reforms with his brother reformers. He was a curious—and lamentably rare—combination of that churchman of another day, the churchman of culture, dignity, conservatism and repression—the churchman who is free to use his influence, not as a pastor but as a citizen singularly qualified to judge, and to speak, to assist his fellow-citizens to cleaner living, higher thinking and worthier achievements in all walks and by-paths of life.
>
> He was very close to us all—all creeds and denominations—not because he was a pastor, not because he was a censor, not because he was a critic, not because he was one of superior knowledge alert to criticize and patronize, but because he was a brother, ever willing, ever gentle and invariably right.

THE PULPIT

"Died, Aged Eighty-three; She Continued Lively in the Truth to the Last"

SERMON PREACHED FEBRUARY 20, 1910, AT ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

> "Died, at Cowneck, 7th of Ninth month, 1782, Phoebe Dodge, aged eighty-three; a minister in good esteem near sixty years, and continued lively in the truth to the last."

Thus runs the quaint entry in the record of the Westerly Monthly Meeting, a Quaker fraternity on Long Island. I came upon it in the Life and Letters of James and Lucretia Mott, than whom no one has won a better right to be counted among the prophets of the open faith. Channing, Parker, and Emerson stand at the head of the line as Confessors in America of liberal religion, undogmatic faith, the common fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man, the inevitable contention of rational religion. But for openness of vision, clearness of statement, transparency of life, warmth of heart, and earnestness of spirit, Lucretia Mott is the peer of any of them; and when we take into consideration the handicap of sex, inheritance and environment, perhaps the peer of any of them in the potency of her life and the power of her personality. To the world outside the circle of Friends, Lucretia Mott stands alone, lovely, radiant, commanding; one of the most beautiful and, under adequate provocation, one of the most terrible women in American history. But those on the inside know that both the thought and the work of Lucretia Mott are inseparably connected with the more serene husband, James Mott, who so long, faithfully and efficiently played the Aaron to this feminine Moses.

But Lucretia Mott is the theme for another story. This sermon takes its point of departure from this tantalizing bit of obituary concerning one of James Mott's forebears who went out of this life six years before James entered upon it. Enough to know that this great grandmother of James Mott was long held as "a minister in good esteem in the Society of Friends"; that she was twice married, had three children; was, as the record says, "zealous in her religious services, occasionally traveling as a minister in the adjacent monthly and quarterly meetings"; that "when forty-five years old she visited Jersey; seven years later made an extended religious visit in England and Wales, where she was well received"; and that "she continued lively in the truth to the last."

Eighty-three years is not so exceptional a span of life in these days as it used to be. Spite of many of the life-shortening habits and body-blighting conditions, sometimes sought by the individual, sometimes imposed upon the individual by society, it is encouraging to know that the period of life is steadily lengthening; the average longevity of the race is increasing, the traditions of antiquity notwithstanding. The Bible records that count the ages of the patriarchs by centuries, belong to the realm of fable. The protections which civilization throws around the life of the human being have more than compensated for the vices and dissipations it has engendered, and the civilized man lives longer than his

primitive ancestor. Where civilization has centered most safeguards and most privileges, there life is longest. Public opinion to the contrary, the longevity of the city is higher than that of the country. The student lives longer than the unlettered.

The interesting thing, then, in this bit of biography is not that Phoebe Dodge lived to be eighty-three, but that she "continued lively to the end." This is a refreshing adjective for an octogenarian, to whom the adjectives "venerable," "stately," "healthy," "vigorous," "serene," "benignant," are the terms we generally apply.

All these words belonged, I have no doubt, to Phoebe Dodge, the Quakeress of Long Island. She held them in common with many another dear grandmother, whom all of us have known. But in addition to all these she won the rare adjective of "lively." Surely, here is the finest triumph of culture, the best evidence that mind can triumph over matter. All life is lively when young. The lamb gambols; the colt kicks up his heels; the calves run around the pasture, in sheer excess of energy; little pigs are restless, and puppies are frisky. But the old mare moves with a stately tread; the cow is deliberate; the grown-up porker is lazy,—even preferring at the last to take his meals sitting; the house-dog is dignified. But here is a human being who is lively at eighty. This adjective suggests a face wreathed with smiles, a heart that pulses with energy, a mind that is alert; one whose joy is not in reflections and memories but in studies and in action. How splendid it is to be lively at eighty! to have a sufficient supply of energy to be doing something, to be going somewhere, to be on the march, in the fight. When the engine can generate no more power than that which is necessary to overcome its own friction and make its own fly-wheel go round, and is unable to carry the extra strain when the belt is put on that is to connect it with the saw, the grist mill, the grindstone,—anything that achieves and serves, that does something,—its value is unquestionable.

I do not forget that "they also serve who only stand and wait." All activities are not physical, and all service is not material or executive. But it is deplorable when life becomes a diminishing quantity; when the minus sign enters into the equation. Life, after all, is a matter of energy of one kind or another,—energy of mind or of body, of heart or of conscience. The test of life is our power to overcome; the measure of our life is our ability to be lively.

And still this statement needs a clear modification. All activity is not creditable. If the eighty-year-old can do no more than skip around like the eight-year-old, it is indeed a second and deplorable childhood. A gamboling sheep and a frisky man or woman may be simply ridiculous, affecting the silliness of the lamb and the thoughtlessness of the puppy. It is a poor compliment to any one verging on the eighty-year line to simply say of him that "he is lively." A gad-about is never so unseemly as in gray hairs. A gossip, a busy-body, a maker of mischief, is lively. So is a mosquito or a gnat. A bee, when not on honey-gathering bent, is a menacing visitor; and, let us confess, there is much of this liveliness in old age that is quite deplorable. The poorest excuse that can come to the bar of the great Judge of all the world is the excuse that "I was busy" when a great cause was at stake, when high issues needed friends and great reforms needed helpers, when noble causes languished for want of workers.

Little John, in Florence Wilkinson's "Kings and Queens" of the Nursery, stumbles upon this ethical perplexity in his study of the hen:

"Oh, is the hen a animal?
I heard my sister say
The truly animals have four feet,
Don't peck and scrabble when they eat,
And run in such a silly way."

And this little John, not without logic, concludes that the hen hardly rises into the dignified category of animals, because

"A animal is more substantial,
Behaves more dignified,
Will sometimes stand quite still and think,
Knows how to take a proper drink,
And chews the cud or stamps with pride."

And his conclusion of the whole matter has a sociological application, to the wise:

"The foolish hen, in my opinion,
Is just a rather large insect.
Poor cackling things, they will not learn
Which way to go or when to turn."

Sidney Lanier, with more poetic vigor, puts the same truth into the mouth of the philosophic owl who is distressed by the restless running to and fro, the aimless bobbing life of the robin. The meditative moods, deliberate actions, and quiet slumbers of the owl are disturbed by the endless din of robins.

"*Peep!* you whistle, and *cheep! cheep! cheep!*
Oh, peep, if you will, and buy, if tis cheap,
Robin, pray
Come away, come away
To the cultus of night. Abandon the day.
Have more to think and have less to say.
And *cannot* you walk now? Bah! don't hop!
Stop!
Look at the owl, scarce seen, scarce heard,
O irritant, iterant, maddening bird!"

What reflective mind can help being disturbed by the human robins, the "irritant, iterant, maddening birds," who are forever hopping in their hunting for worms? Nothing is more lamentable than the hen-like haste and the robin-like hops of human beings who are chasing after—what? who come in breathless from the last quest,—and what is it? A new sensation, a fresh display, an engagement with the milliner, a consultation with the dress-maker, a rushing from the manicure parlors, where they went to have their nails polished, to the opera, where they went to have their souls renewed. There is a horrible waste in modern life in these hen-like activities and these robin-hop reforms. Two show places in Chicago, perhaps three, are always recommended to the out-of-town visitor, viz., the stock yards, the Marshall Field establishment, and the Board of Trade,—unquestionably three of the busiest centers in the city; and the intensity of the activity at the food-producing center from which millions of lives are fed is no greater than that at the ribbon counters, the hat stalls, and the bargain counters of the other centers. Judging from the absorption, intensity and push at the dry goods emporium and that manifested at the counters of the Public Library, one could safely infer that, to an overwhelming number, the purchase of the deadly hat pin or the securing a suitable rug for "my lady" to walk upon is a far more serious business in life than that of securing the fitting book or establishing intelligent companionships and spiritual sympathies with the makers of literature and the interpreters of life.

It is safe to assume that the liveliness of Phoebe Dodge, who died at Cowneck one hundred and twenty-eight years ago, come next ninth month, was not of the hen and robin kind, though I have nothing against hens or robins. They have a fitting place, a function to perform in the economy of the world; they do belong in the category of animals, but they have a very low place in the human realms. It is the human hen and robin that are deplorable.

"She was lively in the truth to the last," says the record, and here is the high tribute,—"lively in the *truth!*"

Let no one seek shelter behind Pilate's cowardly question, "What is truth?" We are all agreed that whatever truth is, it is something permanent; that its relations are general, universal, continuous; that it is a thing of God and not of man. It is allied to those things which we call the laws of nature and the laws of life.

And the glory of Phoebe Dodge was that she was lively in these things to the last; "zealous in her religious service" is the phrase in the book. And her liveliness is further interpreted by the record which says that her father had left his widow, by will among other things, "the negro girl, Rachel"; for slaves were common in the state of New York a hundred and fifty years ago, and most of the Friends' families on Long Island had one or more. But Grandmother Dodge by a legal instrument declared: "For some years I have been under a concern of mind on account of holding negroes in bondage"; and so she deemed it her duty as well as a Christian act to set Rachel at liberty.

She was lively in the truth; she studied her relations to righteousness. Whatever truth is, it is another name for justice. Whatever duty is, it is a search for and the mandate of truth. Phoebe Dodge was "lively in the truth to the last." That means that she introduced into her long life a study of perspectives; she tried to distinguish between the things that were temporal and the things that were eternal; between the forces of God and the clamor and clatter of society and the entanglements of human law. Phoebe Dodge was lively in the truth, and so she went up and down declaring the mandates of the Eternal, as she understood them. She distinguished between ribbons and Beatitudes; between feathers and principles; between style and duties. She was taught of the Master and the difference between raiment and life; between the conformities to social customs and demands and conformity to the interests of the community, the righteousness of the state, the progress of the race.

Phoebe Dodge was an inheritor of the inspirations of George Fox. Her speech and her raiment doubtless indicated the peculiarities of the Quaker fellowship. Those outward peculiarities are passing, but the hidden inspirations of the Quakers, the inner loyalty of Phoebe Dodge, are forever the characteristics of the truth-seeker and the truth-server, and these are loyalty to the inner light and devotion to is mandates.

How are we to distinguish between the "liveliness" of the hen and the robin and that "liveliness" in the truth that kept Phoebe Dodge young into the eighties and made her the blessed grandmother of those who became a blessing to their day and generation, a guide and encouragement to countless thousands who even to this day have unwittingly and ungratefully, perhaps, come within the zone of their influence? I venture to suggest a few answers to the question, How is one to become lively in the truth and achieve the perennial youthfulness that belongs to truth?

First, by working for large causes. Escape the petty and the narrow clamors. In this community it is better to fight the saloons than the ash-heaps; to champion the over-worked child rather than the neglected cat; to stand for clean speech rather than for clean streets; for pure morals even rather than for pure air; for sheltering homes rather than for sheltering trees. Not but that ash-heaps are bad, homeless cats pathetic, muddy streets deplorable, smoky atmosphere inexcusable and shade trees altogether desirable, but these are poisonous impurities borne down upon us from the contaminated well-springs of life farther back. Life can never be regenerated from without. Communities can never be reformed in detail. The State can never be ennobled by petty ordinances and specific legislations. Social enactments are the delusion and the bane of modern life. God, and not man, is the source of energy, and the thought of God and the interests of his children alone is big enough to clean an alley or to stop a smoking flue. In this loyalty to truth we escape the gnat-like calls and avoid the mosquito annoyances, the scratching industries of the hen and the peeping and cheeping incoherencies of robins. If we are to be "lively in the truth," we must give our zeal to the large interests that are not rimmed by our ward, or conditioned by our club, our church or our creed. Neighborhood interests, physical environments, material accessories are important, but their importance, even their legitimate place in life, can never be determined or adjusted except as they are tested by the great and lasting principles of truth. Humanity has spent endless toil and countless treasure in trying to control, to ameliorate and circumscribe that which ought not to be. Difficult as it is to remove from our city the horrible temptations and unspeakable degradations of the Red Light Districts, it is easier to remove them entirely from the municipality than to confine them to the Twenty-second Street or any other district.

It is hard and apparently impossible to lift from this city the horrible degradations of inebriety, the vicious investments represented by the American saloon, which in the very nature of the case is a place in league with coarseness, in touch with degrading and corrupting motives, not only because its traffic is wholly with seductive intoxicants, with stimulants foreign to the normal economies of the physical life, stimulants the appetite for which grows by indulgence and the power to control which is weakened by the social habit, but because American life and civilization, as well as statutory law, withdraws from the saloon the ever ameliorating, saving and humanizing presence of decent women and innocent children. A place from which a man's wife and children are permanently excluded is no place for that man to go in search either of physical, social or moral recreation or strength.

But it is not so hard to remove entirely this perversion of normal needs and normal life from the city of Chicago as it is to curb and control it. He who is "lively in the truth" in this matter will not be confused by short range consequences or baffled by the logic of expediency, nor will he be deluded with the hope that somehow black can be made to appear white, dissipation do the service of sobriety, and intemperance be made temperance, by trying to keep the same within bounds and under rules. Smallpox and yellow fever can more easily be segregated in the heart of a great

city than can the fell seductions of the intoxicating cup, the lure of sexuality and the still more fell temptations to coin these appetites into dollars and cents, to profit commercially by the weaknesses of men, to convert the love of drink and and the lust of the body into a profitable business.

To be lively in the truth in this direction is to stand by and work for the fundamental mandates of the eternal as revealed by the science of physiology, the conclusions of sociology and the growing experience of the race. Steadily but surely the race has grown less and less drunken and the medical profession is growing more and more sure that habitual use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is detrimental to the well-being of the body. The presence of alcohol in the body is forever the presence of a disturbing poison and its place there is circumscribed by the same regulations and the same conditions which circumscribe the use of calomel, morphine, strychnine and other toxics that have a place in the medicine-case of the expert but nowhere else. Law enforces the dictates of commonsense and the demands of righteousness in permitting no legitimate place for such drugs outside the outfit of the expert.

The voters of Chicago are in these days challenged to decide whether they will be lively in the interest of the truth that is fundamental, far-reaching, universal, or lively in some fraction, some modified segments of that truth which, measured by the long reaches of time, is but the scratching of a hen or the peeping of a robin. He who is lively in the truth must needs be lively in the interest of the widest, the longest, the deepest causes. The noblest solution of evils is none too noble, and the most radical, that is the most inrooting, is the most vital.

This principle holds good in all the other vocations, duties and responsibilities of life. Everything from one's dress to one's religion could and should be tested by truth and truth only, and truth is universal. It is the same here and in the farthest star; now, and in the oldest ages; and will be true in the farthest reaches of time. The canons of fashion are whimsical, changeable, uncertain and costly. The canons of beauty are simple, direct, continuous and economic. We are much worried in these days as to how to give our children a practical education; we spend mints of money in equipping schools with lathes, benches and laboratories; we are worried about the skill of the hands, the dexterity of muscle and the agility of nerves. We might save much of our money if we could understand and apply Opie's dictum in art. When asked with what he mixed his paints, he replied, "With brains, sir; with brains." Given a trained mind, a soul in league with truth, a keen conscience and a devout heart, and somehow the other things will be added. It is easier and more economic to make men than carpenters, women than milliners, and when we have made our men and women we have equipped them with that which will make them good carpenters and good milliners, or their equivalents. It is easier to stand for the Golden Rule than for a creed, for Christianity than for a sect, and for the race than for Christianity.

"Lonely is the life without God," said the philosopher. Pitiable is the life without a cause; hungry is the soul that has no purpose; tedious are the days that are not filled with high tasks. Happy, thrice happy is the soul that has found a vocation, that is "lively in the truth." Such an one defies the disintegrating hand of time; he triumphs over mortality as he cheerfully exclaims, "O death, where is thy sting?" "O grave, where is thy victory?"

There is nothing more economic than truth. The life that is forever complaining over the three great poverties of life,—poverty of money, poverty of time, poverty of strength, has failed to establish working relations with truth. The great fundamental enthusiasms are based in love and bloom into loyalties. "Always young for liberty," said Channing. Was it Agassiz who said: "I have no time to make money,"—he was so preoccupied with truth. It is said that Washington was filled with troops for six months before Charles Sumner ever saw a parade, so earnestly was he engaged in the truth. Steven A. Douglas subordinated freedom to the Union and turned a deaf ear to the cry of the slave in order to save the Union. Lincoln heard the groan of the slave woman on the New Orleans auction block and vowed to "hit that thing hard" if God gave him opportunity, and it was Lincoln and not Douglas who saved the Union. It was easier to do away with slavery than keep it within bounds, fencing it in that it might die.

Oh, it is pitiable to see life wasted on secondary and transcient things, money invested in perishable goods, in commodities that bring neither peace nor strength. Alas for the politician who is so busy in guarding his fences, in fighting for his share of the patronage,—which is the three-syllable way of spelling "graft,"—that he has no time for statemanship, no courage for the truth that does not lie along party lines and does not look towards the ballot-box.

Do you want to know how to be lively in the truth? Learn of Frederick Douglass, who exclaimed, "One with God is in the majority!" Do you crave the assurances of truth, would you fain rest in the confidences of truth? Learn of Lincoln, who said, "Let us have faith that right makes might and in that faith dare to do our duty."

Friends, let us be "lively in the truth" and we can defy majorities, laugh at the "styles" and cry in the power and spirit of the old Welsh bards, "The truth against the world!" It alone is invincible. It alone will carry us on from conquering to conquer; it will give us high tasks to do, plenty of time to discharge them, and plenty of money to support the work and the workers therefor.

Let us be lively in the truth, "for the truth shall make you free." "For this cause came I into the world, that I might bear witness to the truth." The truth is always of God. Man may discover it but never create it. "Truth for authority, not authority for truth," was the motto of the great Quaker woman who, in the line of Phoebe Dodge, remained lively in the truth, not only into the eighty-second, but into the eighty-seventh year of her life. When a committee at the yearly meeting of the Society of Friends reported that the subject of temperance had been before them but that *"the way did not open to take action,"* young Lucretia Mott, eighty-seven years of age, sprang to her feet, being "lively in the truth," and said, "I am tired of that phrase 'The way has not opened.'" It was an excuse for doing nothing; it was like the old cry "Israel must dwell alone." Thus she led the van again, found time and strength and money, at eighty-seven, to be "lively in the truth" that bids the oppressed go free, the truth that rebukes cowardice and cupidity in high places, the truth that knows no sectarian lines or party distinctions.

Oh, how simple is the truth! How easy it is to serve the truth when its service becomes sublime and its standards control the habits and the habitudes of the soul. When we clothe and feed ourselves in righteousness, pay our taxes and deposit our coins in the lively service of the truth, then, like Swedenborg's angels, the oldest will be the youngest, and the accumulating years will bear testimony to our increasing youth, for in the truth there are no limitations of time or space, no distinctions of caste, race or creed. In the heaven of truth men are like the angels which are neither given nor taken in marriage, but the service of God and his truth is all in all.

Report of Work at Bissell House Since September 1, 1909.

Read at the Annual Meeting, February, 1910, by Mrs. Ilda C. Wilson, Head-Resident

Frequently comes to me the question, What do you mean by a "Social Center"? Why do you call Bissell House a Settlement, and just what are you doing at Bissell House? Briefly tonight I will try to answer those questions.

The last half century has brought about a decided change in industrial conditions. We have new conditions to face in the home and socially.

We have now the young boy facing the world with perhaps the support of the whole family on his young shoulders. We have the young girls who are no longer safely sheltered in the home but every day must go into the shop or factory.

We have the women who must leave their families all day and, even worse, those who must leave their families at night to clean the great sky-scrapers.

When a group of people having the social conscience get together to do what they can to better existing social problems they find that they must live where the evils of our present industrial conditions are the most flagrant. So it comes about that the social worker settles among the foreigners, the laborers, or among those who seem to need them most. So comes the word "settlement."

Usually the beginning of the work is very small indeed. If the work is on the proper foundation it will grow of its own accord. If the workers are earnest and capable and the backers of the movement righteous and generous the work will keep pace with the needs of the neighborhood.

Ruskin says, "It is the law of good economy to make the best of *everything. How much more* to make the best of every *creature.*"

We aim to have our neighbors who come to us so constantly, grouped into congenial *clubs* and *classes.* Grouped by their own choosing so that we, the residents and the many volunteer workers who come to us may get in close touch with them, so that we may become friends indeed. Then when the time comes that a little friendly advice is needed we will be the first ones called upon to give it. Bissell House stands before anything else for *loving friends,* for *boundless hospitality,* for *help in time of need,* for *sympathy* in trouble and sorrow. Bissell House represents that helping hand one friend stretches out to another. It stands for *justice,* for *fairness* and for the *square deal.* If we find our brother ill and fallen away among thieves we do not pass by on the other side; no, we help the one in distress, then turn our attention to the *thieves* and try to make them into *useful citizens.*

No doubt some are wondering if this large building is all in use or if most of it is closed up a larger part of the time. Let me tell you some of our activities. All our clubs and classes meet weekly.

The Bissel House Educational Club has an enrollment of about thirty-five; the North End Woman's Club, seventy-five; the Ottawas, an athletic and social club of young men, twenty-five; the Tuxedos, an athletic and social club of young men, thirty; the Identities, an athletic and social club of young men, sixteen; the International Young Boys' Athletic Club, fourteen; Mr. Mead's Young Boys' Athletic Club, twelve; Thursday Night Older Men's Athletic Club and Society, fifteen; Saturday Night Young Men's Athletic Club, eight.

These clubs have been conducted under the direction of Mr. Howard Wilson, Mr. George Mead, Mr. C. E. Miller, and Mr. Homer DeWitt.

The girls' gymnastic classes number about fifty and are under the direction of Mrs. Zula Porter Burgess assisted by Miss Fannie Ailles at the piano.

A dancing class for small girls and boys, with an average attendance of sixty, has been conducted by Miss Gibson, assisted by five other young ladies.

Our sewing school is our pride and joy, having an enrollment of 160. It is conducted in two divisions, under the general management of Mrs. Ella Shaw Brown, with about twenty assistants.

The work of our domestic science classes has been sadly interrupted, though they will soon resume active work in our new model flat. These classes are under the supervision of Miss Gertrude Smith, assisted by several competent instructors.

The kindergarten normal school has been one of our most faithful friends, furnishing teachers in nearly all departments of our work, as well as lecturers for our clubs, and a story teller each Thursday for the children.

Thursday night the House gives a dancing party. We have had an average attendance of about forty.

The cabinet makers of two firms have social meetings here each week.

Miss Sweetman has a club of little girls numbering about twelve.

Every day the game rooms have been open from three-thirty till nine. Several workers have volunteered for this work. But we need more assistance there.

We have a Sunday school conducted by Mr. Vander Mullen and a large number of teachers.

Our Sunday center has been a great success from the start and has been largely attended.

We have a pool table, which is very popular, and a club room on the third floor for older boys.

Our manual training room is used very constantly. We have one class in bench work under Mr. Henry Lightner, one in electricity conducted by Donald Baxter, one in arts and crafts conducted by Miss Blanche Carmody, who also has a larger class in basket weaving.

We give about three hundred tub and shower baths each month, and expect to give many more with our enlarged capacity.

This number of clubs brings our weekly attendance up to over 1,100 persons. Each club pays a small rental for use of rooms. If you stop to consider how many people there are coming to the House each month

one is not surprised at the great amount of wear and tear upon everything.

I hope that before many years we will see a beautiful gymnasium built on our vacant land; one high enough so that the boys will not bump their heads at each high jump, and broad enough so that the Marathons will be a perfect joy.

Unitarian Temperance Society

Why it Needs More Money

This society is not committed to any abstract theory or legislative policy. It is engaged in a fundamental work of education in behalf of personal efficiency and civic righteousness. New facts discovered in scientific laboratories and new economic experiences place this great problem in a radically new light. Our society tries to use these facts wisely and effectively to lessen intemperance and its innumerable miseries, to increase industrial efficiency, to prevent race suicide, and to promote the general progress of mankind. The educational agencies used are chiefly these:

1. The distribution of free tracts,—a new series of shorter and more practical leaflets are needed and will be issued as soon as the money is provided.

2. Correspondence to aid those engaged in temperance work,—a bureau of temperance information and co-operation.

3. Providing speakers for various temperance meetings.

4. Newspaper publicity, a new and promising line of activity recently undertaken by the president, by which several millions of readers will be annually reached.

The society needs more money to meet these pressing demands now crowding upon it. It ought to receive at least *a thousand dollars* from the Unitarians of America before May 1, 1910. This sum would be relatively less than *one-third* as much as the Presbyterians are spending for the same cause. Surely Unitarians cannot afford to ignore a subject which is vitally connected with the welfare of humanity, and which is receiving increasing attention the world over, not only from religious bodies, but from legislators, jurists, reformers, scientists, educators, and physicians. Temperance work represents the very highest form of "Applied Christianity," for which the Unitarian churches claim to stand.

How the money may be secured.

I. Let every person who was an annual member last year, not only renew that membership by paying *one dollar*, but also secure one other member. A little personal effort by our friends would accomplish this result.

II. We ought certainly to add at least *ten* (a friend says twenty) life members, paying $25. Who will be one of the ten?

III. It is not too much to hope that at least *one-fourth* of our Sunday-schools will send us a dollar a piece to make the superintendent (or some teacher) an annual member. To every school so contributing a copy of the *National Advocate* (a temperance monthly, the organ of the National Inter-Church Temperance Federation, which includes Unitarians, price $1) will be sent *free* to the superintendent for a year. This will furnish valuable material for the observance of "Temperance Day" in our Sunday-schools, which will be April 17 this year. Watch for notice in *Every Other Sunday!*

IV. We confidently expect that many more Unitarian ministers than in the past will at once become annual members.

V. Some branches of the Alliance have generously helped us in the last two years, and it is hoped that such contributions will continue.

VI. We appeal earnestly to isolated liberals everywhere to make some contribution to our treasury. We shall be glad to have them enrolled in our army, which is on the firing line in the battle for better homes, better schools, better politics, better civilization.

We need this money, and we shall be able to make a most fruitful use of it. May our Unitarian friends respond generously to our call.—*From the Christian Register.*

Prayer

To tell the meaning of prayer is almost to court its false definition. Like all of the best things in religion, a description of prayer seems untrue the moment it appears in print. That is because the native reverence of the soul can never find its full expression in words. It is said that modern men do not pray, but as long as they are men, responding to all life's calls, they cannot help but pray. Only the shirker prays not Of course, words are not necessary for prayer any more than for admiration. Indeed, silence may be the safest prayer. It is not an exercise, nor a stated function of religion, but the aspiration of a human soul towards that perfect Home of Life, our Father. In prayer the soul withdraws itself for a moment from the hour, that it may hear the voice of the centuries. A deeper voice, that reassures and guides, is above the storm of the years; it comes not from some distant harbor, but from before the mast, where, unseen in all our toil, the Master Mariner serves those that wait patiently for him.

The voice of the goodwill of the centuries is the voice of the will of God. Prayer from souls of goodwill never seeks to alter the will of God, but rather, joyfully to make it stronger. For God's will is human good will, the accumulated good will of the race. Men of ill will may change and hurt it for the moment, but if we take our eyes away from the events of the hour —and all ill will is an event of the hour—and comprehend the growing purpose of the ages, we shall want to say God's will is omnipotent, at any rate, resting in it, and working for it, we shall have peace.

But for all, the sacred strength of silent prayer, the prayer which uses the words of men can never be despised. Better far be silent than use words which are not lifted from the soul, but how poor would language be, if the soul never tried to use it. Let it be granted that the best words cannot express the ineffable, but can we spare the words of soul suggestion? Love, home, friend and God are words that half conceal the truth, but who would miss the music which they even faintly bring to our ears? Tell God all: a father does not mind if you tell him wrongly or ask unwisely, but let your soul be expressed to the Living God who as your Comrade is working, living with you. It is so easy to talk to God when you know that he is not an intellectual ideal, but a living present moral Being, one with the moral Being of Man, the

Invisible Man with all men. It is so easy to talk with God when you know he is alive. Let us love to pray.

"No words of labored prayer I know—
I cannot seek my Father so;
It gushes up in sudden hours,
As sing the birds, as bloom the flowers."

Rochester, N. Y. E. A. RUMBALL.

THE STUDY TABLE

Books

I have from the Open Court Company "The Mutation Theory," an English translation of Hugo de Vries' celebrated work on the origin of species. I shall have a good deal to say about this book next summer, when I am at work in my own experimental gardens. We owe nothing very original to Mr. de Vries, but we owe this to him, that he has brought out a great deal of investigation and some careful discussion. Meanwhile we say it is a grand service the Open Court Company has done us, giving us this translation of a famous and valuable work.

From Funk & Wagnalls I have the sixth volume of their New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. Among the subjects treated in this volume is Jesus Christ. The Resurrection is assumed as needing no demonstration, and on that assumption is based the divinity of Jesus. There is a whole lot of material on such questions as the intermediate state, hardly a word of which belongs to these modern days, but there are other articles of splendid value, especially those that are historical, and those that have to do with law and research. On the whole this work is a wonderfully good one, and it will not hurt radicals to know just how much some rational people can believe,—I was going to say swallow.

"The Ethics of Jesus," by President Henry C. King, is a peculiar book, exceedingly biblical, and yet manly and broad. You may open almost anywhere and you will find illumined passages that you will be glad to get. His discussion of the Beatitudes is a fair sample of his way of getting at things. Meekness he describes as self-control at its highest power. This is only to say what Beecher said, that meekness is the strongest mood in which a man can carry himself. The object of the book is to show that while Jesus did not have an ethical system of the technical sort, you can put together what he taught and make of it a consistent life. Perhaps it would be well to say that Jesus was eminently practical. This book is published by the Macmillan Company.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons I have received a thoroughly good novel, "The Rosary," by Florence L. Barclay. I have read it with unusual pleasure. It is full of right spirit and admirable descriptive power; while the love story is helpful and inspiring. There are some passages in this book of extraordinary beauty and strength, yet the author at no time carries her characters out of the reach of a good home life. You will not be sorry if you read "The Rosary."

I think I have noticed briefly "Labrador—The Country and the People," by Wilfred T. Grenfell, published by the Macmillan Company. The book is worth another notice any way. If you wish to live for a while out of reach of the decay of civilization, away from the very smell of high living, read this book. Dr. Grenfell tells us that there are no alcoholic liquors sold in Labrador. There is not one policeman stationed along the coast, and there is not a licensed house in the land. There is no penitentiary, and life rolls on clean, rugged, strong, if not quite so highly charged with worthless knowledge. No wonder that the author tells us he has come to love the rugged fastnesses of the country. It is a land of magnificent scenery and simplicity of life.

E. P. POWELL.

A lad was standing with his donkey and barrow selling vegetables in London one day, when a smartly-dressed young man came up and asked, "I say, boy, would you like to drive me to the Mansion House?" The boy thought for a moment and then replied, "Yes, guv'nor; but I don't think the 'arness would fit you." —*Selected.*

THE USE OF LIFE

He'd never heard of Phidias,
He'd never heard of Byron;
His tastes were not fastidious,
His soul was not aspirin':
But he could tell you what the birds were whisp'ring in the trees,
And he could find sweet music in the sounding of the seas,
And he could joy in wintry snows,
And summer's sunny weather,
And tell you all the names of those
Who frolic in the heather.

He'd never heard of Socrates,
He'd never heard of Irving;
He loved the mediocrities
Much more than the deserving:
But when the frost was in the air he knew the fox's hole,
The haunt of deer and beaver, and the woodchuck and the mole;
And he could joy in arching trees,
In heavens blue or starlit,
And in the cold, crisp autumn breeze
That paints the country scarlet.

He nothing knew of sciences,
Of art, or eke of letters;
Nor of those strange appliances
That fill the world with debtors:
But happiness he knew right well; he knew from A to Z
The art of filling life with song, and others' souls with glee;
And he could joy in day and night,
Heart full of pure thanksgiving—
I am not sure he was not right
In using life for living.

—*John Kendrick Bangs in The Century.*

LOCKED INSIDE

She beats upon her bolted door,
With faint weak hands;
Drearily walks the narrow floor;
Sullenly sits, blank walls before;
Despairing stands.

Life calls her, Duty, Pleasure, Gain—
Her dreams respond;
But the blank daylights wax and wane,
Dull peace, sharp agony, slow pain—
No hope beyond.

Till comes a thought! She lifts her head,
The world grows wide!
A voice—as if clear words were said—
"Your door, O long imprisoned,
Is locked inside!"

—*Charlotte Perkins Gilman in The Forerunner.*

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—The hurricane of miracles blows perpetually.
MON.—To work for the people,—this is the great and urgent need.
TUES.—It is important at the present time to bear in mind that the human soul has still greater need of the ideal than of the real.
WED.—To live is to understand. To live is to smile at the present, it is to be able to see over the wall of the future.
THURS.—To live is to learn justice, truth, reason, devotion, probity, sincerity, common sense, right and duty welded to the heart.
FRI.—The more divine the light, the more is it made for the simple soul.
SAT.—Great is he who consecrates himself! Even when overcome, he remains serene, his misfortune is his happiness.

—*Victor Hugo.*

How Washington Kept Accounts

In the files of the Auditor for the Treasury Department are many quaint and curious records of expenditures, but probably none so interesting to the average citizen as the old account-books of General Washington, showing outlays for himself and his "military family," as he was wont to designate his personal staff and attendants.

The date lines of the entries sketch the movements of the campaigns of the Revolution: "Headquarters, on the march"; "Headquarters, New York"; "Headquarters, Valley Forge"; "Headquarters, Yorktown."

Most of the entries cover expenditures for food-supplies, but there are a number which would most decidedly come under the heading, "miscellaneous." While the books are most simple, it would be hard to get an Auditor of the present day to issue a Treasury warrant to cover an expenditure vouched for in this manner:

"Paid for a broom that Peter bought some time ago, 6*d*."

Under the same date as the broom entry appear the following:

"Cash paid for mending the chariot, 1*s*."

"Agreed with Peggy for 4*s*. per month for the General's washing and 4*s*. per dozen for the gentlemen of the family."

Under date of July 9, 1776, this entry is made:

"This day Mrs. Thompson came to keep house for his Excellency, General Washington"; and on July 10th there is made a record of a purchase as follows:

"Bought 11 doz. of Madeira wine of Mr. Thomas Martin, 3 pounds 12*s*. a dozen."

On the 12th of the same month it is recorded that "His Excellency had a present of two barrels of cider."

The system of spelling used in these records, supposed to have been made by one Caleb Gibbs, when not in the handwriting of the General himself, is quaint. "Baskitts" of fruit were occasionally enjoyed; "collyflower" was a favorite dish, and "loyn" of veal was relished by the "family."

Much similarity in menus is shown by the recorded purchases. Wild game and fowl were then abundant, and when men were sent on hunting expeditions entries covering in detail the expenses of such trips were made a part of the record.

Does any patriot desire, next Fourth of July, to duplicate the dinner partaken of by General Washington and staff on the original Independence Day, July 4, 1776? On that day their dinner, according to the yellowed records in the Treasury Department, consisted of

Leg of mutton	5*s*.	3*d*.
Loyn of veal	7	
Roasting piece of beef	6	6
Cabbage, beets, and beans	5	6
Peas	2	
Potatoes	2	
Blackfish and lobster	5	8

The total cost of the first Independence Day dinner was therefore, excluding wines, 1 pound, 13*s*. 11*d*.

Many of the records are in the graceful and symmetrical hand of General Washington himself, and cover his accounts with the American colonies and the United States from the time he assumed command of the forces in June, 1775, to June, 1783, a period of eight years. While the entries of expenses were for the greater part made when the army was on the march, the close of each day found an accurate balance, and the close of each book shows a complete recapitulation. The top line of a page was usually begun, "Brought up"; "To foot of other page brought up"; "Brought over from other side," or "Contra-credit side."

All these accounts were kept in English money, pounds, *s.*, *d.* —*Emmett Campbell Hall.*

RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION

Some friends of mine the ocean crossed
To spend a long vacation;
"The mails," they said—it sounded forced—
"Will bring great consolation."
I wrote them letters by the yard,
Their confidence inviting.
Received—a picture postal card,
With little dabs of writing!

And while I hungered for some news,
Some token of affection,
They deluged me with motley "views,"
A most absurd collection.
From ancient ruins, grim and charred,
To lovers, kisses plighting,
Upon a picture postal card,
With little dabs of writing!

Now tell me, please, how you would feel
To get a scrap of paper,
With nothing but the old Bastile,
Or some defunct sky-scraper;
A chromo of the Avon bard,
Or Japs and Russians fighting,
Upon a picture postal card,
With little dabs of writing!

If e'er abroad I should sojourn,
And leave those friends behind me.
Oh, wouldn't I the tables turn!
And wouldn't they malign me!
I'd send them "Sentinels on guard,"
"Columbus first land sighting,"
All on a picture postal card,
With little dabs of writing!

Perchance they might in language terse
Demand an explanation.
Then guilelessly would I rehearse,
"'Mails bring great consolation';
My correspondence I retard,
The laziness indicting
That sends a picture postal card,
With little dabs of writing!"

—*Annie P. L. Field in the Century.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES

THE COMMUNION CUP IN DENMARK.—A correspondent of *L'Avant-garde* writes as follows concerning the interest in the hygienic problem of the communion cup and of the various solutions adopted by the Protestant churches of Denmark:

"The discussions that have been carried on for some years in many lands regarding the hygienic precautions to be observed in the distribution of the wine at communion have been particularly earnest in our northern countries, Sweden, Norway and Denmark. As was to be expected in Protestant countries, these discussions have been characterized by a concern to respect the biblical account of the institution of the Lord's Supper and traditional usage, as well as the most reliable data of science. Now that the heat of the discussions has died away, it is interesting to note some of the solutions of the problem that have been adopted. There are three principal ones.

The oldest of these solutions is that of the cup with several lips. Imagine a cup with a number of hollow lips set around the edge. Within this outer cup is another covered one of slightly smaller capacity, attached to the outer. This inner goblet receives the wine. It is movable and so can present its opening to any one of the lips. When the cup is passed to a communicant, he drinks from one of the lips and the pastor then turns the inner cup, thus offering a fresh lip to each succeeding communicant. To avoid the least danger of contagion, any wine that may be left in the lip is immediately drained away into the foot of the outer goblet through a hole at the base of the lip. The demands of the most scrupulous hygiene are thus met, in a manner somewhat complicated, it is true, but quite effective.

On June 3, 1904, the use of small or individual cups was considered at length by the ecclesiastical commission then in session, which showed itself favorable to the innovation. The first use of this mode of presenting the wine was in hospitals. The German Reformed Church of Copenhagen quickly adopted it to the exclusion of every other. The French Reformed Church adopted it also, but retained the ordinary cup for those who still preferred it. On the 9th of February, 1909, the English Lutheran Church admitted the individual cups into its religious services. Each of these two confessions has its own solution. The Reformed churches have had a spout made on the ordinary cup, through which the Pastor pours the wine into the individual cups.

In the Lutheran churches, the pastor uses a deep spoon to take the wine from the ordinary cup and pour it into the small cups. In both confessions the little cups, resembling in size an egg cup, are arranged on tables or shelves to right and left of the approach to the chancel rail or choir. Communicants take them from here as they approach the communion table and replace them as they leave it.

"May God bless the safe-guards thrown around the celebration of the Lord's Supper, and make the frequentation of it an ever-growing one!"

M. E. H.

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